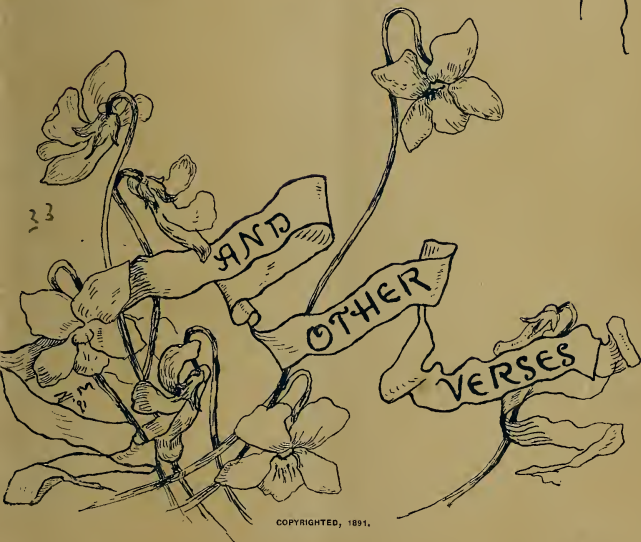


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Just for To-day



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Just for To-day,

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James Pott & Co.,

NEW YORK.

for

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JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD ! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my GOD, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to day.

Let me in season, LORD, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life = 60
Should ebb away,
+ Give me Thy Sacraments Divine,
Dear LORD, to day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, LORD,
Just for to-day.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—
DEUT. xxxiii., 25.

STRENGTH.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor—
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend and neighbour.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for life may quail not

Strength for to-day, in house and home
To practise forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

My times are in Thy hand."—PS. xxx., 15.

SUPPLICATION.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

—WARING.

"Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done."—ST. LUKE xxii., 42.

THE WILL OF GOD.

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
 I will lie still ;
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
 And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
 In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace ! thou must not me beguile
 With thy false smile :
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways ;
 Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
 That hear thy call.

Come, self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye, serene,
Their blessing, who, by faith, can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the Martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind.
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget.
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,

By purest pleasures unbeguiled,
To idolize a wife or child ;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps—the cross on Calvary,
Uplifted high,
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and our good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from heaven to hell descend,
Thee to befriend ;
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

“ O Father ! not my will, but Thine be done ! ”
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys ;
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast,
In perfect rest.

"In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. iv., 6.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power !

Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with
Thee.



L ORD, support me all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy Mercy grant me a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.

*"Set a watch, O LORD, before my mouth,
and keep the door of my lips."*



GRANT, O LORD, I beseech Thee,
this day, that I may speak nothing,
and that there may be nothing in my
manner of speaking, that shall be dis-
pleasing to Thee; through JESUS CHRIST
our LORD. Amen.

IN the Name of the FATHER, and of
the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST,
may I this day think every thought,
speak every word, do every act, and
bear every trial. Amen.



GLADNESS OF HEART.

Dear Lord, since Thou didst make the earth,
Thou mad'st it not for grief, but mirth ;

Therefore will I be glad,
And let who will be sad.

For if I load my life with care,
What profits me the buxom air,
And what the sweet birds' choir
Or heaven's azure fire ?

But if I cannot choose but weep,
Weeping I'll think I do but sleep,
Till thou shalt bid me wake
And triumph for thy sake.

Lord, as 'tis thine eternal state
With joy undimmed to contemplate
The world that thou hast wrought
As mirror for thy thought.

So every morning I would rise,
And offer thee for sacrifice
A spirit bright and clear
As the wide atmosphere.

For Lord, since all is well with thee,
It cannot well be ill with me.

THE DIVINE WILL.

Laid on thy altar, O our Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake !
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make ;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small ;
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield Thee all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight—
All that I have, or am, or fain would be—
Deep love, fond hope, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none ;
Now, from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, May Thy will be done.

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thy own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And 'Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed and purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own,—
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

ANON.

THY WILL BE DONE.

At first I felt in uttermost despair,
And said, "O Lord, this cross I cannot bear."
But I have borne it, and I bear it now,
Only, oh only, do not ask me how.



"O God, take, I beseech Thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live."—
JONAH iv., 3.

"I shall not die, but live; and declare the works of the Lord."—Ps. cxviii., 17.

REST.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute
Anger at peace;—
So pray we oftentimes,
Mourning our lot,
God, in His kindness
Answereth not.
Two hands to work address
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Through all their tears;
Two lips yet breathing love.
Not wrath, or fears;
So pray we afterwards,
Low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers!
Father, hear these!

—MULOCK.



The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in
Thine ;
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou
my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim
feet,
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear
Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake,
All's well whichever side the grave for
me
The morning light may break.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

To LIVE for Jesus or for Him to die,—Telle est la vie !
To bear the daily, hourly trials that come,
The little worries that afflict the soul ;
To do the thing 'twere easier left undone.
To do it now—and well,—for His dear sake,—Telle est
la vie !
To early rise, and, strengthened by His grace,
Go forth to meet our foes, our constant foes ;
To conquer bravely,—inch by inch the ground,—
Now here a little, there a little, all around ;
To lie down weary when the night draws on,—Telle est
la vie !
To bear the bitter taunt, the scoffing look ;
To see our motives all misunderstood ;
To long to speak a word for Jesus' sake,
Then find no chance ; to see friends hold aloof,—Telle est
la vie !
To weary day by day for others' good,
Yet seem to fail ;—to loose our trustful hope
To grow to doubt our very love and faith ;
To see things through an ever-darkening mist,
While scarce a glimmering ray can reach the burdened
soul,—Telle est la vie !
To live for Jesus or for Him to die.
Such is our life below,
Telle est la vie ! But they who live this life
Have other life the world doth not account.
The hidden life that groweth up unto eternity :
So when this sadder life shall have an end,
When all its bygone sorrows seem but as a dream,
When in the far-off land the victor rests
In peaceful, deep, unbroken thankfulness ;—
Then, as great glory thrills the inmost soul,
And every pulse is throbbing with delight,
Fraught with new meaning shall the cry resound,
Through myriad ranks that worship all around,
"To live for Jesus and with him to reign,—Telle est la vie!"
E. A. B.

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee ? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care ?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray ?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin ?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him :
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb ;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills Sublime ;

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray—
O true, brave heart ! GOD bless thee ! where-
soe'er

In His great universe thou art to-day !

—JULIA C. R. DORR.

"*Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.*"
—2 TIM. ii., 1.

BE STRONG.

Be strong to *hope*, O Heart !
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look towards the light !

Be strong to *bear*, O Heart !
Nothing is vain :
Strive not, for life is care ;
And GOD sends pain ;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain.

Be strong to *love*, O Heart !
Love knows no wrong ;
Didst thou love,—creatures even,
Life were not long ;
Didst thou love GOD in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong !

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—PHIL. iv., 2.

CONTENTMENT.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their bright heaven of blue :
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied :
And hearts in lowliest huts admire
How Love has in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to tire,
Such rich provision made.



"Thou maintainest my lot."—Ps. xvi., 5.

RESIGNATION.

Source of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all the wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe,—as light we see ;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

" Strengthened unto all Patience.—COL. i., II.

PATIENCE.

Grant Thou this patience, Jesus, to me !
Grant Thou Thy graces, my safeguard to
be !

So that in all things Thy will may be
mine,

Bearing all troubles because they are
Thine.



"Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good."—xxxvii., 3.

TRUST.

"Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day ;
Fill the space with loving deeds
And therein stay ;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow."



"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—ISAIAH XXX., 15.

PEACE.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.



I DID THIS FOR THEE :
WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME ?

I gave My life for thee,	Gal. ii., 20.
My precious blood I shed	I. Pet. i., 19,
That thou might ransomed be,	Eph. i., 7.
And quickened from the dead.	Eph. ii., 1.
I gave My life for thee :	Titus ii., 14.
What hast thou given for Me ?	

I spent long years for thee,	I. Tim., 1, 15.
In weariness and woe,	Isa. liii., 3.
That an eternity	John xvii., 24.
Of joy thou mightest know.	John xvi., 22.
I spent long years for thee:	John i., 10, 11.
Hast thou spent <i>one</i> for me?	

My Father's home of light,	John xvii., 5.
My rainbow-circled throne	Rev. iv. 3.
I left for earthly night,	Phil. ii. 7.
For wanderings sad and lone;	Matt. viii., 20.
I left it all for thee :	II. Cor., vii., 9.
Hast thou left aught for Me?	

I suffered much for thee,	Isa. liii., 3.
More than thy tongue may tell	Matt.
	xxvi., 39.

Of bitterest agony Luke xxii., 44.
To rescue thee from hell. Rom. v., 9.
I suffered much for thee : I. Pet. ii., 21-24.
What canst thou bear for Me ?

And I have brought to thee John iv., 10-14.
 Down from my home above, John iii., 13.
 Salvation full and free, Rev. xxi., 6.
 My pardon and My love. Acts v. 31.
 Great gifts I brought to thee : Psalm lxxviii., 18.
 What hast thou brought to Me ?

Oh ! let thy life be given,	Rom. vi., 13.
Thy years for Him be spent ;	II. Cor. v., 15.
World-fetters all be riven,	Phil. iii., 8.
And joy with suffering blent.	I. Peter iv., 13-16.
I gave Myself for thee :	Eph. v., 2.
Give thou <i>thyself</i> to Me.	Prov. xxiii., 26.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



A BROTHER'S LOVE:

A Ballad for Good Friday.

"Come, Hugh, it is a holiday :
The day is fair and cool ;
Come fishing with us presently,
We'll go to Dingley Pool.

"Some six or seven of us have joined,
And we shall have such fun ;
Make haste and fetch your cap, my boy,
You'll catch us if you run."

But Hugh, a little lad of twelve,
Replied in accents slow,
To Frank and John, "No, thank you, boys,
To-day I cannot go."

"Why not ? It is a holiday—
I wouldn't stay at home."
"I shall not stay at home," said Hugh,
"But still I cannot come.

"I cannot come, indeed, to-day,
I've something else to do ;
You would not laugh so, Frank and John,
Or mock me if you knew."

He turned away with flushing cheek
And quickly moistened eye ;
I followed him and gently asked :
"Hugh, will you tell me why ?"

- His earnest eyes one moment sought
My face, and he replied :
- “ I could not go a-pleasuring
The day my brother died.
- “ ’ Twas some eight years ago he died—
He gave his life for me,
For I fell off the pier one day,
When we were by the sea.
- “ And he, sir—he was just eighteen ;
He sprang into the wave,
He knew that it was dangerous,
But still he tried to save.
- “ He caught me safely, but his head
Had struck against a rock,
He lingered on awhile in pain.
Then sank beneath the shock.
- “ And I was such a little lad
Then, I could hardly know
What he had done for love of me—
He always loved me so.
- “ The day he died, he kissed my face,
As I sat on his bed,
And said to mother, ‘ Don’t let Hugh
Forget me when I’m dead.
- “ My little Hugh! O! make him love
Me always. Tell him, dear,
How I loved him ’—and then he stopped,
For death was very near.

“ Yet once again he spoke, and said,
‘ This one thing, too, I crave,
That every year, upon this day,
You bring him to my grave,

“ ‘ That he may think of me awhile.’
So every year, sir, we
With fresh spring flowers journey to
The churchyard by the sea.

“ We lay the flowers upon the grave,
To make it bright and gay,
And think of him and of his love,
Who died for me to-day.

“ I love to think of him, and kneel
Awhile by his graveside—
How could I go a-pleasuring
The day my brother died ? ”

.

Ah ! how, indeed ? Yet year by year,
As comes the one great day
On which our Heavenly Brother died,
To save our souls alway,

When He would have us think of Him,
And kneel at His dear side—
What thousands go a-pleasuring,
The day *That* brother died !

A HYMN OF LOVE.

My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill ;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise :
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

And a " new song " is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set ;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet !

I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see ;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest ;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.

A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine ;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

"Seven times a day do I praise Thee."—Ps.
cxix., 164.

THE CANONICAL HOURS.

At Matins bound, at Prime reviled,
Condemned to death at Tierce,
Nailed to the Cross at Sext,
At Nones His blessed side they pierce:
They take Him down at Vesper-tide,
In grave at Compline lay,
Who thenceforth bids His Church ob-
serve
Her sevenfold Hours alway.



*" My soul hath a desire and longing to enter
unto the courts of the Lord."—Ps., lxxxiv., 2.*

HOLY CHURCH.

" Lord, Thy Church shall, next to Thee,
Best beloved of all things be,
Thither at each hour of prayer
Shall my hastening steps repair.
And my longing soul shall wait
For the opening of the gate;
Lest a word I fail to hear
Of the holy service there.
At what time the welcome bell
Shall of prayer and praises tell,
Let its notes be heard at morning.
Or at eve ring out its warning:
Sweetly tolling shall its sound
Bid me to the holy ground.
Vain excuses, idle pleas,
Well may suit cold, worldly ease.
Hearts that warm and thankful are,
Will for God no trouble spare.
Help me, Lord, then, lest I stray.
From Thy Church and Thee away.
Tho' the sultry sun may glow,
Tho' the wintry winds may blow,
Weak though I may be, or strong,
Short though be my road or long,
Feast or fast or common day,
Be it when I'm called to pray.
Give me but a willing mind
And Thy Courts we needs must find."

"*The Lord is in His Holy Temple.*"—HEB.
ii., 20.

REVERENCE.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare,
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy
state,
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for the other pin: why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church time other's symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity,

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plot, thy pleasures
thither,

Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met to-
gether

To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:

If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which

Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his
pains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them
shine.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a drop in the bucket ;
But every drop will tell ;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny ;
It was all I had to give ;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare ;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say ;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small:—
What doth He think of His children,
When they never give at all ?

DEAL GENTLY.

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS.

Deal gently with the lowly,
For bitter is their lot,
When by their friends deserted,
And by the world forgot ;
One kindly word may banish
The anguish of despair,
And bid forever vanish
A world of grief and care.

Remember, oh ! remember,
" It is not always May,"
The blast of Life's December
May drive his friends away ;
For when the storms of winter
In darkness cloud the sky,
The earliest birds of Summer
Are always first to fly.

Where'er an erring brother
Departs from Honor's path,
Reprove him not too harshly,
Nor turn away in wrath ;
But point out to him kindly
The path he should have trod,
And thou wilt gain his blessing,
And the approval of thy God.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad ?

If a silver laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying :
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer ?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow ;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a Friend.



Holy Communion.

FROM GOLD DUST.—“*A Collection of Golden Counsels for the Sanctification of Daily Life.*”

MY Child, it is not wisdom *I* require of thee, it sufficeth if thou lovest Me well.

Speak to Me as thou wouldst talk to thy mother if she were here, pressing thee to her heart.



Hast thou none, for whom thou wouldst intercede? Tell Me the names of thy kindred and thy friends; and at the mention of each name, add what thou wouldst have me do for them. Ask much, fervently; the generous hearts that forget themselves for others are very dear unto Me.

Tell Me of the poor thou wouldst succour, the sick thou hast seen suffering, the sinful thou wouldst reclaim, the estranged thou wouldst receive to thy heart again.

Pray fervently for all mankind.

Remind Me of My promise to hear all prayers that proceed from the heart; and the prayer offered for one who loves us, and is dear to us, is sure to be heartfelt and fervent.



Hast thou no favours to ask of Me? Give Me, if thou wilt, a list of all thy desires, all the wants of thy soul. Tell Me, simply, of all thy pride, sensuality, self-love, sloth; and ask for My help in thy struggles to overcome them.

Poor child! be not abashed; many that had the same faults to contend against, are now Saints in heaven.

They cried to Me for help, and by degrees they conquered.

Do not hesitate to ask for temporal blessings, health, intellect, success.—I can bestow it, and never fail to do so, where it tends to make the soul more holy. What wouldst thou this day, My child?...If thou didst but know how I long to bless thee!.....



Hast thou no interests which occupy thy mind?

Tell Me of them all...Of thy vocation. What dost thou think? What dost thou desire? Wouldst thou give pleasure to thy mother, thy family, those in authority over thee, what wouldst thou do for them?

And for Me, hast thou no ardour? Dost thou not desire to do some good to the souls of those thou lovest, but who are forgetful of Me?

Tell Me of one in whom thou hast interest; the motive that actuates;—the means thou wouldst employ,

Lay before Me thy failures, and *I* will teach thee the cause.

Whom wouldst thou have to help thee? The hearts of all are in My keeping, and *I* lead them gently, wheresoever *I* will. Rest assured, all who are needful to thee, *I* will place around thee.

Oh! My child, tell Me of all thy weariness: who has grieved thee? treated thee with contempt? wounded thy self-love?

Tell Me all, and thou wilt end by saying, all is forgiven, all forgotten...and *I*, surely *I* will bless thee!.....

Art thou fearful of the future?—Is there in thy heart that vague dread, that thou canst not define, but which nevertheless torments thee?

Trust in My Providence...*I* am present with thee, *I* know all, and *I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

Are there around thee, those seemingly less devout than formerly; whose coldness or indifference have estranged thee from them, without real cause?...

Pray for them—*I* can draw them back

to thee, if they are necessary to the sanctification of thy soul.

What are the joys, of which thou hast to tell Me?

Let Me share thy pleasures: tell Me of all that has occurred since yesterday, to comfort thee, please thee, to give thee joy!

That fear suddenly dispelled—that unexpected success—that token of affection—the trial that proved thee stronger than thou thoughtest...

My child, *I* sent it all; why not show some gratitude, and simply thank thy LORD?

Gratitude draws down a blessing, and the Great Benefactor likes His children to remind Him of His Goodness.

Hast thou no promises to make to Me?—*I* can read thy heart—thou knowest it; thou mayest deceive man, but thou canst never deceive GOD. Be sincere.

Art thou resolved to avoid all occasions of sin?—to renounce that which tempts thee—never again to open the book that excites thine imagination?—Not to bestow thine affection on one who is not devout, and whose presence steals the peace from thy soul?

Wilt thou go now, and be loving and forbearing towards one who has vexed thee?...

Good, My child!.....Go, then, return to thy daily toil; be silent, humble, resigned, charitable—then return to Me with a heart yet more loving and devoted, and *I* shall have for thee fresh blessings.

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